Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you.
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres; and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus.*
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, gainſt y
Of more authority, I am ſure more
Not made in paſſion neither, but g
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave Lady:
Emil. That you would nev'r de
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your fr
I tye you to your word now, if ye
Thinke how you maime your hon
(For now I am ſet a begging Sir, I
To all but your compaſſion) how
Might breed the ruine of my name
Shall any thing that loves me perif
That were a cruell wiſedome, doe
The ſtraight yong Bowes that blu
Becauſe they may be rotten? O D
The goodly Mothers that have gr
And all the longing Maides that e
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me a
And in their funerall ſongs, for th
Deſpiſe my crueltie, and cry woe
Till I am nothing but the ſcorne o
For heavens ſake ſave their lives, a
Theſ. On what conditions?
Emil. Sweare 'em never more
To make me their Contention, o
To tread upon thy Dukedome, an
Where ever they ſhall travel, eve
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I lo
O all ye gods diſpiſe me then: T
I not miſlike, ſo we may faire ly c
Our Swords, and cauſe a long elſe
But take our lives Duke, I muſt
And for that love, muſt and dare
On any peece the earth has.
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.